And comes not in,ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the King.
Sir M. Why,my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas,and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon,Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours,noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is,but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland,and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuals and deare men
Of eſtimation,and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they ſhall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no leſſe,yet,needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighell, ſpeede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not,e're the king
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And,t'is but wiſedome,to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, ſir Mighell. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtalffe.

King. How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare,
Aboue yon busky hill, the day lookes pale,
At his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southeren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And,by the hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
King. Then,with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The trumpet ſounds, Enter Worceſter.

King. How now, my Lord of Worceſter? t'is not well,
That you and I ſhould meete vpon ſuch tearmes